

From Our Scrap-Book



WATER LIFE, AND HOW TO SEE IT.

I HAD fished in the Trout Hole again and again, lifting from the water there my best catches of black bass and a great many more perch than I wanted,—for, on the St. Lawrence, it is the fashion to throw perch back. But though I had so often fished in the Trout Hole, all I knew about it was that it was in the second bay on the south side of Lake Ontario, just where the lake empties into and forms the St. Lawrence River, at Cape Vincent, New York. I knew it to be a prettily shaped, semicircular harbor with a beach composed of millions and millions of small stones worn smooth by the water. The last time I went there, however, I had a surprise. The bay was partially shielded from the east wind which was then blowing, and for moments at a time its surface was as smooth as glass. My boatman threw over the anchor of his skiff, and, as he did so, exclaimed, “Just look at the fish in there!” I looked, and then understood for the first time why the place was called the Trout Hole.

Beneath me was a bowl, twenty-five feet deep and several times as wide, with sides or walls of tiny stones and as steep as you can imagine. Everywhere else the little arm of the lake was shallow. It was as if the bay had been filled with small stones and then some power had scooped out an enormous cup-shaped well in them. And in the clear water swam or hung at rest, as if in mid-air, hundreds of fish. Little striped perch were the most numerous and the least disturbed. Now and then, a great black bass, or even a half-dozen of his kind, rushed across the bowl with the swiftness and vigor of an athlete at play, and with the grace of a strong fish. Far down, just above the stony bottom, hung a great pickerel or two, and hundreds of baby-bass played in schools close to the shallow, flaring top of the bowl. In an instant a puff of wind ruffled the water, and the scene was gone. We had to wait many moments, until the surface was smooth, to enjoy the wondrous scene anew.

How I longed for a water-glass! I resolved at that instant never to spend an idle day on any river or lake of clear water, without one of those glasses. Since then it has struck me as strange that so few who live by the water should know the powers of this simple device. Indeed, many have never heard of it.

The water-glass may be known in many places. I

have seen it only on the island of New Providence, on which is situated the city of Nassau. It is a few hundred miles from our Atlantic coast. There the water in the coves and sounds is as clear as crystal. Visitors are rowed out by the boatmen on purpose to see the sights beneath the surface. A water-glass is put in the visitor's hand. He submerges its bottom end, and looking into its open top sees sights of which he never dreamed: strange and beautiful sea-plants, odd-looking fishes,—some round and some that seem to have heads like horses. These fish are red, green, or of as many hues as are worn by the birds of the tropics. My man treated me to a sight even of a great pig-like ground-shark. The negro baited a large hook of bar-iron with pork, and literally bounced it against the nose of this monster without tempting the lazy fellow to swallow it or even to bite at it. But, lo! when the water-glass, in being withdrawn, reached the ruffled surface of the sea, the entrancing submarine scenery disappeared from view.

Surely, then, a water-glass is worth having. Any boy can make one. Nothing could be simpler. It is a long, narrow box with one open end and the other end closed by a sheet of glass. In use the glazed end is pushed as far as is convenient under the surface of the water. The secret of its operation is that the ripple, or movement on the surface, is what prevents us from seeing what is passing beneath it. Once past this disturbance, an uninterrupted view of what lies beneath is gained. The box may be of half-inch pine, at least eighteen inches long, and it is best to have it five or six inches square. The glass should be set in a little groove before the last side of the box is nailed on, and it is well to put an edging of putty around the sides and under the glass, making the box air-tight, because if the glass gets wet on top you can not see through it. No water should be allowed to enter at the top of the box. Handles, pegs, or loops should be attached to the sides near the open end of the box, to hold it when in use.

Such a box, or glass, will repay its owner if he should live near clear water and be fond of boating or fishing. Armed with it, he will be able to see not only the marine life beneath him, but it will be possible for him literally to oversee his own operations as a fisherman, pulling the bait away from a small fish to put it in the way of a larger one. Then he may study the greedy fellow as he rushes for the fatal hook and gulps it down.

THE TRUTHFUL FISHERMAN.

BY HENRY TYRRELL.

WE went a-fishing. Now, no doubt,
 You 'll say, "The same old yarn again:
 The sylvan brook, the speckled trout,
 The regulation mountain glen."
 No! *We* went Staten Island way
 And took the cars to Prince's Bay.

Along the sandy beach we strayed
 And gazed across the glistening water.
 The man we hired our boat of, said:
 "Well, if you don't catch fish, you *oughter*."
 I dare not state that boat's expense—
 The bait alone cost ninety cents.

We rowed, and rowed, and then we baled
 Our boat out with a skimming-dish.
 Well-nigh to Sandy Hook we sailed,
 And then, at last, began to fish.
 That is, each held and watched his line—
 The fishes never made a sign.

And yet, there *were* fish. Other craft
 Went blithely back, their day's work done;
 Our rivals showed their strings, and laughed,
 While we lay luckless in the sun.
 I afterward the reason learned:
 Ere we got there, the tide had turned.

We gave it up and started back,
 With blistered hands, to reach the shore;
 And what had been a three-mile track
 Now seemed at least a half-a-score.
 Landing, we reached—what consolation!—
Only one minute late, the station.

That night, in mournful single file,
 Three fishermen, starved, brown, and gaunt,
 Crept slowly home from Staten Isle,
 All fishless from their fishing-jaut.
 Now, if their story won't attract,
 Supply the fiction. Here 's the fact.



"I 'LL JES SQUAT ON DIS YERE OLD LOG AND WATCH FOR MISTER—

— ALLIGATOR!"

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

ROSEDALE, TORONTO, CAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not remember having seen any letters from Toronto in your "Letter-box," but perhaps you would like to hear from one of your little readers in the Queen City of Canada.

My sisters and I are very much interested in all your stories, especially "The Bells of Ste. Anne." We have an aunt who has spent several summers at her house on Lake Megantic, and she and her two little girls were among the passengers on the excursion train to the boundary, which is described in that story. She tells me that the car windows had to be closed on account of the fire, and then the heat was so intense that there was danger of the glass breaking. She thought at one time of escaping with her little girls through the woods as the track was on fire; however, she remained in the car, and after some delay reached home safely.

I wonder if Mrs. Catherwood knows that Donald Morrison, about whom we have heard so much as an outlaw during the last year, was also on the train that day, with a number of his Gaelic companions.

I remain, yours very truly, MAY H—.

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in a college town. I do not know whether you have had letters from a college town, but I think you must have had. I have great fun here; we are right in the mountains, and we can go off after flowers; there are so many here you can not pick them all.

I have had you in my house for two years, and my sister reads you, too. I don't believe you like long letters, so I am not going to write one.

We play ball very often here, and we have many other games, too. I think I shall have to end my letter now.

Your loving reader, FRANKLIN C—, JR.

MACON, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first year we have taken you, and I have been regretting the good things I have missed all these years. I have been wanting to write you a letter for ever so long a time, but I lacked the courage. Since I have noticed that no letter has been published from Georgia, I have taken counsel of my fears, and have decided to try my luck, and if this letter is published, I know it will gladden the hearts of many of your Macon readers.

Joel Chandler Harris's name on your pages appears so familiar. He lives in Atlanta, and is better known to Georgia girls and boys as "Uncle Remus." I am so glad the April number contained a sketch of Elsie Leslie Lyde. I saw her when she acted as little "Meenie" in Joe Jefferson's company, and think she is wonderful.

Your devoted reader and friend,

RALPH B—.

NEWARK, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My papa says if your artist could have photographed a picture in our house when ST. NICHOLAS arrived you would have printed it in ST. NICHOLAS; but as the artist was not there and I was, I will try to tell you about it. Well, my papa is a great hand to read his papers from all over the world, and he was in his big easy-chair reading away when the postman rung so hard at the door. Little brother Ezra ran for the mail, and the next moment we heard his cheery voice ringing out, "The Daddy Jake book has come! the Daddy Jake book has come!" All seven of us ran to papa to hear whether Lucien and Lillian had found Daddy Jake. My sister Nora and brother Ezra each climbed on their own one of papa's knees. Big sister Pauline and Eulalie looked over his shoulder from the back of his chair, while brother Mantie and I were on each side of him, and little year-and-a-half-old baby brother Malcolm crowded himself right between papa's knees and between Nora and Ezra, and stuck up his head to see what he could of the pictures about Daddy Jake.

While papa was reading the story our mamma came in, and little Ezra called out, "Mamma, Mamma, they have found Daddy Jake"; and there came such a loving expression in her face as she looked upon the picture and said, "My darlings."

We all want to hear more about Daddy Jake and Lucien and Lillian.

RACHEL M—.

ELIZABETH, N. J.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two little German sisters, and we are visiting our grandmamma in America, who takes your charming magazine. The June number has just arrived, and we see a letter from two little French girls. We have been in Europe two years, but have an English governess all the while; before that time we lived in New York City, except when we were babies. We were born at Cologne, on the beautiful river Rhine. On our last visit to Cologne we went to see the old house in which we used to live. Our father is there now, but he is going to cross in August, and we think it is a long time in coming. We hope we will be settled next winter so we can take your delightful magazine.

Your loving little friends,

GRETCHEN and MARGARETTA VAN V—.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought that some of your readers might like to hear about the bird's nest that I had made to order.

I had quite a variety of birds' nests, but I wished to have one made in a basket; so I climbed a large pear-tree, armed with a small basket filled with cotton. The next day I noticed some inquisitive little orioles taking the cotton from the basket to a higher limb in the same tree. It took them all that day to remove the cotton

from the basket, and they worked all the next day in taking it from the branch where they had placed it to a tree in the next yard. I thought I would let the birds occupy it for the season (free of rent), as they had so kindly made it for me, but as soon as they vacated it I took possession. The nest was about six inches long, made of cotton on the outside, and lined with horse-hair.

Your interested reader, E. H.

SHASTA, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not take you myself, but my brother does. He is a little fellow and likes the "Brownies" and "Pygmies" and "Bunnies" best. I am much interested in "A Bit of Color." We have a cat that is twenty-one years old, though you may not believe it. He is just eight years older than I am.

We have a horse, and I love to ride her. I am very fond of my teacher; she is very kind. My brother is the only one in Shasta who takes your magazine. It is a very little town, but used to be much larger before a great fire which destroyed many nice houses. This is the "Sweet Shasta Town" about which Joaquin Miller wrote the poem recently printed in your pages.

Your friend, ANNA M. S.—

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for two years in Chili, S. A., and one year here in the United States. Papa subscribed for you in Chili, S. A. We have not subscribed here in the United States, but whenever I get the chance I get you of the book-store. I was born in Chili, S. A., and we came pretty near living with the Indians (I mean amongst them). I am eleven years old, and will be twelve the 26th of August. This is the second letter I have written to you, but my name was not printed, but my name (or initials) was in the list of names that were not printed, or rather the letters were not printed.

My first letter was written in Chili, S. A. I like "Lord Fauntleroy," "Juan and Juanita," "The Bells of Ste. Anne," "Daddy Jake, the Runaway," "The Cob Family and Rhyming Eben," and a good many more. We came to the United States by the way of England, and I saw some big whales and porpoises and sea-gulls, and we would throw crumbs into the water and they would eat them, and we saw kingfishers diving after fishes. I am eleven years old and never saw snow till this winter, and never saw dandelions till last summer.

Yours affectionately, ANNITA A. G.—

GAINESVILLE, FLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I have taken you for several years, I have not written to you before; I go to the East Florida Seminary, a military school, but girls are permitted to attend also. There are about thirty girls, and the girls drill. Our costumes are of white lawn for the skirt, trimmed with red braid, and blue blouses trimmed with white stars, and we drill with spears an hour every day. We have a captain and first and second lieutenants.

LOUISE S. B.—

RAMAPO, ROCKLAND CO., N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen a letter from Ramapo, so I thought I would write and tell you that I am a little girl, ten years old, and have taken your lovely magazine for three years, and have enjoyed it very much. I have two pets—a donkey and a bird. My donkey's name is "Lady Jane Grey," and my bird's, "Mikado." I have read and seen "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and think it charming. I have also read "Sara

Crewe; or, What Happened at Miss Minchin's." I was very anxious to get every number, so that I would not miss one.

I remain your devoted reader, JULIA P.—

WESTPORT POINT, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, twelve years old. I want to tell you about something my mamma saw once. There were two horses in a yard near the house where we lived. It was a very hot day, and there was no water in the drinking-trough, and the horses were very thirsty; so Mamma drew them some water. One of them came and dipped her nose in the trough, and then, without stopping to drink, galloped away to the other horse and put her wet nose against his. Then they both came back, but the first one did not drink any until the other had had all he wanted.

Don't you think it was kind of her to go and tell the other horse before she drank any herself? I enjoy the ST. NICHOLAS very much.

Your loving reader, MERCE E. B.—

FT. WADSWORTH, STATEN ISLAND, N. Y. HARBOR.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very much interested in natural history, especially that of insects. Last summer I caught, or had given to me, quite a number of large, green worms, about the size of a man's middle finger. I fed them with their natural food, and watched them spin themselves into cocoons. These, with others I found in the autumn and winter, I put in a box and kept in a warm room ready for hatching this spring. This hatchery I watched with much interest when they began to come out. At last I saw one begin and helped it out; it was a *Cecropia* moth. I saw this cocoon bobbing up and down on the side of the box. I thought it looked suspicious, so I took it down and cut a small hole in one end. I saw the moth coming out, so I made the hole a little larger. After it put its fore feet out, it pulled itself along, until its other feet were free, and then it pushed the cocoon off with its hind feet and pulled itself clear with the others. The antennæ were folded over the head and thorax, the wings over the body, and the legs over all, but the legs were unfolded as the insect came out, and helped it to escape.

I think (in fact, I almost know) there is no other children's magazine in the world like yours. I like all your stories so much that I can not tell which I like the best.

Hoping this will interest some of your readers, I remain, your devoted friend, reader, and admirer,

C. K. W.—, JR.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We, a class of little girls from eleven to twelve, have enjoyed reading you so much that we feel we must write and tell you about it.

Our teacher thinks you as instructive as any of the text-books we study, and when you arrive every month we read from you as a part of our reading-lesson. We find this very interesting and entertaining.

Most of us have taken you for a long while, even before we were old enough to read you, but now we can praise and appreciate you as you deserve.

Your constant
"LITTLE READERS."

ST. BONIFACE HOUSE, VENTNOR, I. W.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have not yet seen a letter in the "Letter-box" from the Isle of Wight, and I should

like to write one about a very interesting donkey there is on the island. Near Newport, the capital, are some ruins of an old castle called Carisbrook. Charles, the First was imprisoned in this castle, and they used to draw their water from a well-house which may still be seen; the well is about two hundred feet deep. In this house is a huge wheel that draws up the water. The wheel is moved by a donkey walking up and down inside of it, and keeping it continually in motion. And so for hundreds of years the ancestors of this donkey have been doing that work, which work seems to agree with them, as this one is twenty-two years old, and the last one lived to be nearly forty. I saw in the "Letter-box" of August, 1888, a letter from Nice, France, which interested me, as I was in the earthquake, too. I was at Mentone, near Nice, and the shocks were terrible. I think Mentone was shaken more than any town of the Riviera. I have also been to Lucerne, Switzerland, and have been up the Rigi. We are living in a very interesting old house here. It was the first house in Ventnor. It was once the Manor House of Bonchurch, and is very old-fashioned.

I remain, your devoted reader,
MARGARET F.—

ALEXANDRIA, VA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was much amused in reading about the "Two-headed Tortoise" in the May number, as I know of a coincidence. About the year 1800, as Wm. Powell was riding near Goose Creek, in Loudoun County, Va., he picked up just such a tortoise. It was such a curiosity that he carried it home and put it in a tub; but, unfortunately, a cat killed it. This Wm. Powell was the brother of my great-grandfather. He was afterwards drowned in the Shenandoah River. An account of the tortoise was published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* some time about the year 1800. I have taken the ST. NICHOLAS ever since I was seven years old (five years), and have never written a letter for the box before. I was born in this historic town, as many of my ancestors were, and I go to Christ Church (the church attended by Washington). My great-grandfather was a friend of Washington, and was one of his pall-bearers. He was afterwards, in 1814, mayor of the town when it was taken by the British. I own my grandfather's musket which he shouldered there when he was but a boy.

Yours,
Wm. G. P.—

BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been reading you for a long time, and you have given me a great deal of pleasure.

You have a great number of little readers and admirers, and I want you to add me to the rest, for I think that you are the nicest of all the magazines.

I am almost eleven years old. I have two sisters and two brothers.

I love "Little Lord Fauntleroy." I went to see it played; I had never been to the theater before. It was beautiful.

We live in the country all the year round, and like it better than town. We have a donkey that really goes,—it ran away one day,—a beautiful collie dog, and two pet calves, but I am sorry to tell you that our lovely little goat, brought to us from the West Indies, died during the winter. He followed us everywhere; his hair was as soft as silk.

Yesterday my little brother, three years old, got a letter from our aunt, and he was so pleased that he took it

to mother and asked her to put it in the bank. Was not that a funny idea?

And now, dear ST. NICHOLAS, good-bye!
I remain, your little friend,
HELEN S. S.—

LANCASTER, PA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about a snow-white Persian cat that was given to Mamma.

His hair was about one and a half inches long, and his tail about three inches around. He was very large, and had a most beautiful cat-face. One night, when he was about three years old, he ran away, and was found dead. We called him "Cyrus the Persian."

We have taken you ever since you were first published.
Your devoted friend,
JANET L. B.—

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little lame girl, eleven years old; and as I can not run about like other children, ST. NICHOLAS is one of my greatest pleasures. I went to see Elsie Leslie play "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and I liked it, if possible, just as much as the story. I dressed one of my dolls up as "Little Lord Fauntleroy" in a velvet suit and a red sash.

I have a cat named "Koko," and whenever he hears my crutches he runs to meet me, and rubs himself against them.

My sister took you for sixteen years, and now I am going to take you until I am too old. But I don't think that time will ever come.

Your loving little friend,
FLORENCE C.—

BOUND BROOK, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for three years, and Papa has you bound every year for a Christmas present to me.

I think you are a lovely magazine, and I read you to Mamma while she sews. I read you through from beginning to end. I saw the Washington Centennial Parade, with Papa and Mamma, from a large window on Broadway. I am very glad that I am a little American girl.

My grandpa H. used to live on the Monmouth battleground, and Mamma and her brothers and sisters were born there. I suppose that is the reason I love George Washington so much. We have a little oak table that is made from the great old tree under which he rested after he fought the battle. I am nine years old, and I have no brothers nor sisters. I remain,

Your little friend,
HELEN P. H. O.—

We thank the young friends whose names here follow for pleasant letters received from them: Charlotte Edwina B., Alice Eisenstaedt, Nina Gray, J. C. Voice, S. W. F., Eleanor D., Carolyn Miles, Julia V. C., Margaret B., Anna K. W., Mabel C. and Lucy W., Olive Pardee, Mary P. Earl, Natalie More and Daisy Chauncy, Jessie P. Evans, H. Balfour, Edward W. Wallace, Clara, Alice, Georgie, Allan, Grace and May, Mary B. F., C. R. L., Maude R. Couder, "The DeF— twins," K. R., Helen A. Babcock, Harry Overton Schuyler, Richard V. Ryan, Louise J., Clara Danielson, Marian E. Macgill, Juliet S. A., Ernest A., Annie Van Winkle, Patty A., Marion Randall, Mary Randall, and Grace Eldredge.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Centrals, Edgar A. Poe. Cross-words: 1. convEyers. 2. creDits. 3. caGit. 4. cavAlry. 5. contRacts. 6. crAnc. 7. chaPter. 8. carOche. 9. cautErize.

CHARADE. Larkspur.

ZIGZAG. The Fall of the Bastille. Cross-words: 1. Tank. 2. OHio. 3. keEL. 4. half. 5. ArAb. 6. gLen. 7. Lynx. 8. gOng. 9. leFt. 10. hooT. 11. acHe. 12. dEan. 13. Bard. 14. cANe. 15. eaSy. 16. lenT. 17. reIn. 18. CLay. 19. Elbe.

A CLUSTER OF DIAMONDS. 1. D. 2. Sip. 3. Spare. 4. Diamond. 5. Proud. 6. End. 7. D. II. 1. S. 2. Saw. 3. Strap. 4. Sardius. 5. Waist. 6. Put. 7. S. III. 1. P. 2. Sea. 3. Pearl. 4. Art. 5. L. IV. 1. T. 2. Top. 3. Topaz. 4. Pan. 5. Z. V. 1. A. 2. Age. 3. Agate. 4. Etc. 5. E. VI. 1. B. 2. Her. 3. Beryl. 4. Rye. 5. L.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Cleveland; Centrals, Gladstone. 1. CarGoes. 2. LolLing. 3. EntAils. 4. VenDing. 5. EluSion. 6. LesTris. 7. AlmOner. 8. NooNing. 9. DemEans.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Spinner of the silken snare,
Fell Arachne in your lair,
Tell me, if your powers can tell,
How you do your work so well!

"THE SPIDER."

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from Paul Reese—Louise Ingham Adams—"Yacht 'Surprise'"—J. B. Swann—"Maxie and Jackspar"—"Infantry"—Pearl F. Stevens—K. G. S.—"Mamma, Aunt Martha, and Sharley"—"The Wise Five and Charlie"—Jo and I—Helen C. McCleary—"A Family Affair"—Jennie, Mina, and Isabel—Howard K. Hill—Mary L. Gerrish.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from M. Connert, 1—George and Annie, 7—Anna and Hattie, 1—Millie W. Maynadier, 2—Esther R., 1—"Mab and Jaker," 2—Katie Van Zandt, 2—"Nell Rh. and St. Edith," 3—"Ophelia," 2—"Queen Bess," 1—Eleanor Mitchell, 1—Edith O., 1—Ella T. Marston, 2—"Maggie," 2—"Bud and Babe," 3—Gertrude W. Hill, 3—Arthur B. Lawrence, 2—A. D. Cochran, 1—"Mother and Roger C., 2—"Rocket and Flyer," 1—Duddie S., 6—Annie Hecht, 3—Henry Guilford, 11—Susy W. Adams, 3—Tillie Holmes, 1—May Martin, 2—Mamma and Marion, 6—Blanche and Fred, 11—Arlene Cochran and Mamma, 8—Effie K. Talboys, 9—"Monell," 1—Eleuthera Smith, 5—J. H. L., 1—Helen Mar, 1—J. R. Sharp, 4—Alice Wilcox and J. C. H. C., 1—Aurora, 7—Mathilde, Ida, and Alice, 9—Arthur A. Macurda, 10—Jo and Mein, 3—"Roseba," 2—"May and 79," 10—Nellie L. Howes, 10—Clara and Lucy, 3—Sissie Hunter, 3—L. H. F. and "Mistic," 7—"Sara Crewe," 1—Maude R. Conder, 4—Papa and Maud, 3—Josephine Hyde, 2.

DIAMOND.

1. In camel. 2. Encountered. 3. Worth. 4. Those who deal in silks and woolen goods. 5. Sprightly. 6. A kind of bird. 7. Endeavors. 8. A chemical term for salt. 9. In camel.

"NAVAJO."

DOUBLE ZIGZAGS.

1	11
2	12
3	13
4	14
5	15
6	16
7	17
8	18
9	19
10	20

THE diagonals from 1 to 10 will spell a festival which occurs on September 29; from 11 to 20, the surname of an eminent English soldier who died on September 14, 1852.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The name of a small city in Cheboygan County, Michigan. 2. One of a class of crabs having the last pair of feet, or more, terminated by a flattened joint fitted for swimming. 3. The jurisdiction of a pacha. 4. Like a fish. 5. A fragment. 6. Resembling a petal. 7. Designating the place of. 8. To waste away in flesh. 9. State carriages. 10. Edible roots.

FRANK SNELLING.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of ninety-seven letters, and form a quotation from Lord Chesterfield.

My 60-16-52-26-96-24 is a crate of various forms. My 9-35-79-69-85-1-75-29-41 is benefit. My 91-32-5-93 is a contest. My

AN ESCUTCHEON. Centrals, Walter Scott. Cross-words: 1. Ainsworth. 2. Hogarth. 3. Wolfe. 4. Watts. 5. Leech. 6. Byron. 7. Liszt. 8. Bacon. 9. Moore. 10. Ate. 11. T. P.

In the first drowsy heat of August noon,
Ere yet the pastures are embrowned and dry,
Or yet the swallow breathes her parting sigh,
Under the red sun and the crimson moon,
Greeting us all too soon,

Comes the plumed goldenrod with flaunting train,
And lifts her yellow head along the way,
Where sweet wild roses bloomed but yesterday,
And foamy daisies nodded in disdain
At July sun and rain.

"Early Goldenrod," by MRS. ABBIE FRANCES JUDD.

WORD-SQUARES. 1. Sated. 2. Atone. 3. Toast. 4. Ensur. 5. Deter. 11. 1. Satin. 2. Alone. 3. Tolls. 4. Inlet. 5. Nests. **MALTESE CROSS.** From 1 to 5, Simon; 6 to 8, gap; 11 to 13, dip; 14 to 18, singe; 19 to 23, taper; 24 to 26, bar; 29 to 31, jot; 32 to 36, color; 3 to 16, manakin; 21 to 34, parasol.

SHAKESPEAREAN DIAGONAL. Diagonals, Pericles. Cross-words: 1. Philotus. 2. Leonardo. 3. Mercutio. 4. Lucilius. 5. Borachio. 6. Benvolio. 7. Fluellen. 8. Polonius.

56-89-21-66-81 is that point in the heavens directly opposite to the zenith. My 50-3-34-45 is part of the foot. My 39-14-71-78-37-19-65-55 is a song of lamentation. My 22-48-84 is a large serpent. My 58-43-7-62-74 is selected. My 86-25-95-12-64-30-17-94-73-67 is to weaken. My 11-68-87-18-90-8-97 is to squirm. My 82-92-53 is yes. My 47-13-27-49-61-28-77 is pay for services. My 40-15-31-51-36 is a book of the Bible. My 6-44-88 is a pronoun. My 59-23-72-83-42-80-38-4 are wind-instruments. My 70-63-46-10 is a rustic. My 54-2-20-33-57-76 is a composer of beautiful music for the piano.

"CORNELIA BLIMBER."

HOOR-GLASS.

I. **THE** central letters, reading downward, will spell the surname of a very famous American.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Vexing. 2. To dress for show. 3. Single. 4. In Publicola. 5. To bend. 6. A Hungarian dance. 7. Part of the day.

II. Centrals, downward, the name of a famous Italian poet.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A company of pilgrims traveling together. 2. Worth. 3. Energy. 4. In Publicola. 5. A small serpent. 6. An aquatic animal. 7. A bigot.

HELEN MAR AND L. L. A.

CHARADE.

You 'lt find my *first* a wild, shrill cry;
My *whole* is often called a hue.
My *last* is never loud nor high,
And yet it is to bellow, too.
Do my whole you never could;
Be my whole you never should;
Wear my whole you often would.

COMPARISONS.

1. Positive, an insect; comparative, a beverage; superlative, an animal. 2. Positive, a coxcomb; comparative, an annoyance; superlative, to vaunt. 3. Positive, a reward; comparative, awe; superlative, a banquet. 4. Positive, to travel; comparative, to stab; superlative, a specter. 5. Positive, a deer; comparative, to bellow; superlative, to parch.

ISOLA.



ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

EACH of the ten pictures, excepting the sixth, may be described by a word of seven letters. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below the other, the central letters will spell the name of an eminent German natural philosopher who died at Amsterdam, September 16, 1736.

QUADRUPLE ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these have been rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the primals will spell a feminine name; the row next to them will spell a word meaning "in thin plates or layers"; the finals will spell to implore; the row next to them will spell bestows.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To refer. 2. A kind of plum. 3. Sum. 4. Consisting of lines. 5. To summon. 6. Sickness. 7. A masculine name.

F. S. F.

PL.

A LOGNED heaz slanceco eht rohoniz,
A dognel ninhuses stlans roscas het wadsome;
Eht diper nad ripem fo remsum-meit si noge,
Tub bayute grinles ni sethe umatun shodwas.

O weets preembest! hyt strif sezerbe grinb
Eht dyr fleas result nda eth quisslerr grathule,
Het loco, shref ria, chewen thaleh nad vogir ngrips,
Dan spirome fo geecendix voj rahfertee.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE letters in each of the following ten groups may be transposed so as to form one word. When these are rightly guessed they will

answer to the following definitions: 1. An Indian house. 2. To censure. 3. Bishops and certain clergymen not under regular control. 4. Wheat not bearded. 5. A word used in legal proceedings. 6. Your own self. 7. A river in Vermont. 8. Incipient. 9. Pertaining to a step-mother. 10. An object resembling an insect.

1. A blow gun.
2. Crop hera.
3. A chap, Eli.
4. We no that.
5. Side size.
6. Sole fury.
7. I woo inks.
8. I cheat? No.
9. Corn vale.
10. To me I nod.

When the above letters have been rightly transposed and the ten words placed one below the other, the first six of the initial letters will spell an ardent spirit distilled from wine. The last four of the initial letters will spell the fermented juice of grapes. The ten initial letters will spell the name of a place where a battle was fought on September 11, 1777. The first five of the final letters will spell the surname of an English writer who lived in Selborne. The last five letters spell cultivated ground. The ten final letters will spell the name of an eminent divine who died September 30, 1770.

CYRIL DEANE.

EASY RIDDLE.

I AM a little word composed of five letters. My 1-2-3 make about half of the human race; my 4-2-3 make so small a number that it can be represented by a single letter; my 3-2-4 make an article very useful to many persons; my 1-2-4 means encountered; and my 1-2-3-4-5 names a city noted for its fortress and as being the place where printing was invented.

F. R. F.